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MUST GREEK GO?

BY

JOHN KENNEDY

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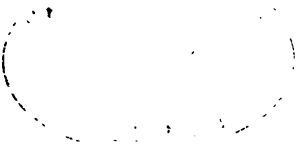

Geo. P. Winship

MUST GREEK GO?

The propriety of teaching Greek in our secondary schools has been called in question by some of the most eminent men in educational circles. In some quarters there is even an organized propaganda against the further teaching of Greek. This will be viewed with alarm by the friends of Greek, and voices large and small will be raised in its defence. But I think that none of those voices, large or small, will treat otherwise than with the most profound respect the eminent gentlemen who have expressed the opposing views.

It is held that Greek is not an essential element of a liberal education, and that it may therefore be relegated to the class of special studies pursued in universities by educated men for reasons special to themselves. It is held moreover that it is no recognizable element in modern civilization, and that the teaching of it is therefore at variance with sound pedagogical doctrine.

There are two aspects of the question "Must Greek Go?" First, is it likely to go? that is, is it getting

under the ban and likely to be set aside? Secondly, ought it to go? I think that the first question may be answered very promptly and emphatically in the negative. My information is that the teaching of Greek in the secondary schools is decidedly on the increase. If I am correctly informed then Greek is not likely to go at present; and we may discuss at our leisure the question of whether it ought to go. If it ought to go it will go eventually; if it stays, that is presumptive evidence that it ought to stay. There is much significance in *vox populi*. The great man who founded Cornell University left for its portals a legend that will thrill the hearts of men to remotest ages: "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." There was a time when intercollegiate athletics were not so all-shadowing as now; there was then an opportunity for intercollegiate contests in matters intellectual. Cornell entered the arena; and it was a matter of interest to many to know what kind of scholarship the great university would produce under the elective system. The newspapers of the country blazoned the fact that Cornell bore off the prize in Greek. The victory brought more credit to the University than a thousand regattas or a train-load of foot-ball trophies. It was taken that the best in education

would take care of itself without being forced—that Greek would survive because the people wanted it.

In nearly all the secondary schools Greek is optional; and if it is gaining ground, as I believe it is, it is solely because there is a demand for it. It is staying because of its own inherent popularity and momentum.

In reply to the assertion that the secondary schools should prepare for life rather than for college I would say that Greek is studied in secondary schools by very many students who have no thought of going to college. They study it simply because they deem it a precious privilege.

The battle has shifted ground somewhat. Until recently the objection was to the teaching of dead languages, including both Latin and Greek; now Greek alone is made to bear the brunt of animadversion. But the argument is much the same.

A few of the former friends of liberal studies have changed sides so far as the Greek is concerned. They have done this they say in deference to the spirit of the age. Now I venture to say to those few friends who were formerly among our most trusted and honored leaders, and who still have our complete respect, if not our most thorough subordination, that they seem to me to misunderstand the spirit of the age. And I would respectfully ask them whether in

conceding Greek they have not logically conceded Latin also? And, putting aside all question of ingeniousness in the method of forcing the issue, I would ask them whether a degree that once implied Greek must necessarily continue to imply Latin? Have they not yielded the whole question of classical studies in their relation to liberal culture?

Many of us think that Greek will stay, and that it ought to stay. We think that we have a good case.

One reason for thinking that the Greek language will continue to be taught is that it *must* be taught to a certain extent. The English language being Greek throughout a certain scope, any thorough teaching of English must involve the teaching of more or less Greek. The words *apathy*, *sympathy*, *pathos*, and *pathetic* must be connected. It would be unpardonable to ignore the connection. Their structural elements must be recognized as stems, prefixes, and suffixes; and the connection made through the common stem *path* meaning to feel, or to suffer. That there is a connection between 'lack of feeling', 'feeling with,' and 'causing feeling,' or 'stirring the feelings' needs no argument. There is a connection of form and there is a corresponding connection of sense. To ignore these connections would be to do scant justice to the teaching of English. But the connection can

be extended to *homœopathy*, or the production of 'like feelings' (or 'like symptoms'), and to *allopathy*, or the production of 'other feelings' (or 'opposite symptoms'). He is but a poor teacher of English who ignores the literal sense of terms. Such analyses as the above are taught in grades far below the secondary schools, nor are they discontinued in the secondary school.

Those analyses are not taught as exercises in Greek; they are taught as exercises in English. But it is the Greek English; and that is pretty close to Greek Greek. I believe that much of the tendency toward Greek is due to the law of affinity. There is either a feeling or a recognition that one perfects his mastery of English in the study of Greek. The child responds to the parent.

One good reason for taking up Greek in the secondary school is that the student already knows so much about it. It will be more easily mastered than a language about which he knows nothing. Its study is dictated by the mere economy of energy. If to the idea of the easiest the idea of the best is added then the Greek question is settled. In most minds Greek takes precedence of everything else, and it is regarded as the very badge if not the exclusive test of a liberal education. I believe that Greek will maintain this

supremacy, and that it ought to do so. I believe that the Greek scholar will continue to be the envy of the youngsters, and that he ought to be so.

It is said that Greek forms no recognizable element in modern civilization. Why, what is modern civilization but a resumption of the study of Greek? The nations once stopped studying Greek; and the light went out. The hovel of the benighted barbarian was found superposed above the mosaics and between the graceful columns of a noble civilization. The Greeks were driven out of Constantinople into the west; they taught their books for a living; and lo! all is transformed! Touched by this lamp of Aladdin the groping peasants bounded up into imperial-visioned Angelos, Raphaels, Columbuses, Shakespeares, and Miltons. Such nectar transformed the clods into gods; and here we are in the full blaze of glory! No element in modern civilization? Why, the minute a modern man becomes inspired he asserts his ancestry and his birth-right; he becomes a Greek of the Greeks, and stands upon Parnassus.

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

He builded better than he knew because his mind was teeming with Greek temples, Greek statuary, and all the ravishing forms of Greek art.

See Shakespeare on Parnassus:

"See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's looks, the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New lighted on a human-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

Again:

"On such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

* * * *

On such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er trip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow e'er himself,
And ran dismayed away.

* * * *

On such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

* * * *

On such a night
Stood Dido on the wild sea bank
With a willow in her hand to waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

And thus again and again the finest touches come out in Greek, showing the domination of Greek imagery and Greek ideals.

Milton was Milton because Homer was Homer. There were just two men between them, Virgil and Dante. Virgil wrote with his eye on Homer; Dante wrote with his eye on Virgil, and affectionately acknowledged his debt; Milton wrote with his eye on Dante. Truly modern literature would lose much if it lost its genesis.

Modern literature is very fine, taking into account the fact that it is the reflection of a reflection. But fine as it is the original luminary is finer; and the reflection is appreciated best when it is known as a reflection. Truth is always delightful; and modern literature is best enjoyed when it is seen what modern literature is.

Longfellow looks at the sublime mountains with Greek eyes.

> "Centuries old are the mountains;
> Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted
> Helios crowns by day,
> Pallid Selene by night.
> From their bosoms uptossed
> The snows are driven and drifted,
> Like Tithonus's beard
> Streaming disheveled and white.
> * * * *

Ever unmoved they stand
Solemn, eternal and proud.
* * * *
Guarding the mountains around
Majestic the forests are standing.
Bright are their crested helms,
Dark is their armor of leaves;
Filled with the breath of freedom
Each bosom subsiding, expanding,
Now like the ocean sinks,
Now like the ocean upheaves.
Planted firm on the rock,
With foreheads stern and defiant,
Loud to the winds they shout;
Loud to the tempests they call;
Naught but Olympian thunders
That shattered Titan and Giant,
Them can uproot and overthrow,
Shaking the earth with their fall."

Such imagery would fix any one's place in the category of great poets. But none would mistake the sources of his inspiration or the form of his culture. His years in Bowdoin and Harvard were not in vain.

Even the gentle Whittier is swept out of his serenity at times and becomes an impassioned Greek.

"What unseen altar crowns the hills
That rise up stair by stair?
What eyes peep through? what white wings fan
Those purple veils of air?
What Presence from the heavenly height

To those on earth stoops down?
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
On Ida's snowy crown."

The "fine frenzy" brings the poet out as he is; and our modern poets when brought out are pretty good Greeks.

It is true that Shakespeare had "little Latin and less Greek"; but Erasmus, Colet, More, Spencer, Sidney, Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher read it into him. They saturated him with their own studies. It is true that Burns and Keats could not go directly to the Castalian Spring; but Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Byron, and Shelly were scattering oceans of it upon the sturdy plants of Britain. A distinguished statesman of our own country in defending the right to maintain high schools at the public expense, said that if he had the task of making fifteen hundred people enlightened he would perform it by taking fifty of them and educating those fifty to the highest point which their capacities would admit. Those fifty would diffuse their culture among the rest, and lift the rest measurably to their own plane. Burns pathetically laments that he is obliged to get the classic ichor second-hand. But the water-bearers were so numerous and efficient that he and Keats were as thoroughly saturated as their more fortunate contemporaries. One

can read Greek by proxy, if he is obliged to do so; but he does not read it in cold and flabby translations; he reads it in the warm and inspiring original with the eyes of his scholarly contemporaries.

It is true that modern civilization has not yet spent itself; but it is also true that men have not yet stopped studying Greek. The utilitarianism of modern life is only its hands; the humanizing and directing soul is Greek.

England has done well in upholding the Oxford of Colet the Greek. It has given her her golden age of literature and made her the mistress of the world. Germany has done well in so stoutly maintaining her Greek, even against the dictum of the all-powerful Kaiser. America will do well if she will continue to cherish the curriculum that has given her her Otises, her Warrens, her Adamses, her Quincys, her Jeffersons, her Madisons, her Hamiltons, her Websters, her Emersons, her Longfellows, her Holmeses, and her Lowells.

This nation was built upon Greek foundations; the national Capitol is a Greek temple; nearly every stately residence of the Constitutional era reposes in its dignity behind a Greek façade. We started on our career in the Parthenon; the men who could put everything into peril for a principle; the men who

could extract its secret from history and formulate constitutions fitted at the same time to protect the most delicate rights of man and to hold together turbulent communities, lighting a beacon of hope for the discouraged nations of the earth, were very appropriately housed behind a colonnade of Greek columns. The *porch* was a happy symbol of the typical *stoic* of history; and the Greek flutings and capitals expressed at once both his culture and his character. His thought was on Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, Platæa, and Leuctra; and his ideal was that of Pericles standing with the temple-crowned Acropolis for a back-ground, and with Thucydides, Euripides, Phidias, and Socrates in the audience, while he delivered that flawless oration on the dead of the first year of the Peloponnesian war. In an address chaste and strong as a Doric temple, as delicately touched as the handiwork of Phidias and Praxiteles, as musical in its undertone as the choruses of Sophocles, and as exalted in its sentiments as the philosophy of Socrates, he voiced the century that had driven off the Persians, that had given the drama, history, architecture, painting, and sculpture to the arts, and that was ready now at its close to show how to live grandly or die greatly, whichever issue Providence might have in store. This greatest of centuries began

for Athens with the unequal but triumphant struggles at Marathon and Salamis; it was to and for her with the more sublime struggle against enemies on the heights and the deadly plague within.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

The address was the act of a Cæsar hopelessly beset by assassins, gathering his drapery about his person and offering a decorous breast to the blow. Soul exaltation seemed to be in the very air of Europe in that wonderful century; for almost at that very moment the white-bearded senators of conquered Rome were sitting at their portals like statues of devotion, faithful unto death in upholding their country's dignity, and placidly awaiting the knife of the victorious Gaul.

Yes, those were the scenes to fire a patriot's heart, to lift his soul to the heights of self-obliteration, and to nerve his arm for the supreme blow that was either to give liberty to the world, or at least to make tyrants tremble in their capitals.

"Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And freedom find no champion and no child,
Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprang forth a Pallas, undefiled and armed?"

The spirit of '76 is still alive in the land; it needs but an occasion to arouse the Greek. The Greek *does* enter as an element into modern civilization.

That marvellous culture of Greece has inspired and informed every great uprising in the west. When the Greek arms fell powerless the Greek books went on doing their wonderful work. Rome reached her zenith of culture by stooping to learn Greek. In the very golden age of Roman literature the very princes of that literary round table were constantly admonishing everybody to study Greek. Rome Latinized everything but Greece; she fell herself a slave to Greek thought.

"Grecia capta Romam captavit."

Horace speaks tenderly of his Greek volumes; he is constantly maintaining that no one even with the Æneid, the Eclogues, the Metamorphoses, the Sallust, the Livy, the Cicero, the Cæsar at his command, can lay any claims to being a cultured man if he has not drunk long and deeply at the Greek fountain.

We are told that it is enough to study the modern masterpieces, or at most to go back only to classic Rome. When we get there we find Horace, the premier of that classic Rome, impatiently urging his contemporaries not to be satisfied with Roman masterpieces, but to "study Greek, study Greek".

"Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

He is constantly raving of Lesbian quills and Æolian pipes, of Archilochus, Sappho, Alcæus, and

Pindar. He was then the modern to whom the Greek genius was the delight and the despair.

He deemed it sufficient for his immortal renown that he had caught the Greek note and domesticated it at Rome. He claimed to be only an echo, a reflection; and yet because he had echoed and reflected well he predicted that he would be read in the schools thousands of years hence, and that school boys would be thumbing their Horaces to remotest ages.

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius
* * * *
* * aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum
Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinum : * *
* * * *
* * ex humile potens,
Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos."

It is nearly two thousand years since Horace's day; and yet his book is still thumbed pretty livelily by school-boys. And in the same satchel I am glad to say you will still find the book of the philosophical historian Thucydides, who closed his volume with the prediction that he had written something that the world would read forever, that the nations would not let die.

Educational notions "may come" and educational

notions "may go"; but it seems that Horace and Thucydides, in accordance with their own predictions, may "go on forever."

Horace was right; modern masterpieces do not meet the requirements of the highest cultivation; that can be attained only by "drinking deep" of the "Pierian Spring" and its famous companion Hippocrene.

But what of those who have studied Greek without manifest benefit? I answer that many have studied English without manifest benefit; they are smatterers who have not gotten into the merits of the matter. They have either lacked natural capability, or they have been ill-taught. With anything at all to build upon a Roger Ascham would make of his pupil a strong and enthusiastic Greek scholar. The student who cannot learn Greek well cannot learn anything well; the student who is ill-taught in Greek would be ill-taught in anything else by the same teacher. A wrong method will not reach any goal, Greek among the rest. It is a sad commentary on our boasted modern methods that we fail to reach results in Greek. That we have had a Roman, an Italian, a German, an English, and an American Renaissance, shows that some one in the past has known how to teach Greek. Let us stop patronizing the teachers

now sleeping in honored dust, and endeavor on the contrary to learn the secret of their power.

Greek may be studied as a grammar; and like all grammars, it affords a most stimulating exercise. But that is not what Greek should be studied for; it should be studied as a literature. Instead of having his pupils nibbling at a more or less bitter shell, the teacher should reveal the toothsome kernel within, and spur his pupil on to get it all.

But these observations apply to any other language and literature as well as to the Greek. The Greek presents no formidable exception. On the contrary I think that Greek literature is more accessible than most others outside of the vernacular.

Byron well sums up the mal-teaching of the classics.

> Then farewell Horace; whom I hated so
> Not for thy faults but mine. * * *
> * * * *
> The drilled dull lesson, forced down word by word
> In my repugnant youth * * *
> * * * the daily drug which turned
> My sickening memory.

Yes, it was a "curse" in his case. All bad teaching is a curse. The teacher who can present beauty of any kind without showing that he feels its charm is a curse. I fear that we are developing a new style of stoicism, which consists in suppressing all feeling.

The true stoic would suppress only the feeling of base fear. We are affecting not exactly cynicism, but a composure suggestive of an icicle. There is no sanction for any such type of culture; instead of development it is a case of arrested development; it is the poor little foot of the Chinese woman, the wretched product of murderous repression.

Enthusiasm is not necessarily hysterical; a cultured enthusiasm never is; the highest ideal of culture is not to repress enthusiasm, but to extend it to the largest possible number of objects, and to quicken its responsiveness. Enthusiasm is the movement of the soul; it is the 'God within'.

The teacher who presents a fine thing without observing that it is fine commits an educational crime. I think, however, that the lack of enthusiasm in classes is oftener due to callow ignorance on the part of the teacher than to any deliberate attempt at systematic composure. There are those who can stand in sight of Niagara and think out their own trifling cares.

But the study of the detested classics made Byron after all. He had vitality enough to survive the methods practised upon him. If he did not learn to love Horace he did love to learn antiquity. He became the most advanced of philhellenes; he went

to Greece that was "living Greece no more" and called her back to life. He forced the "craven crouching slave" to look upon "Thermopylæ" and reassert the independence and dignity of his ancient race.

> "The mountains look on Marathon;
> And Marathon looks on the sea;
> And standing there an hour alone
> I dreamed that Greece might yet be free."

The dream was quickly realized; and it was realized through Byron's impassioned use of names; it was realized through that overwhelming force, the classic enthusiasm. The dislodged Greek did unwittingly what Fichte did deliberately; he went west and trained the boys to come back and restore him.

> "The Scian and the Teian muse,
> The hero's harp, the lover's lute,"

had long been singing liberty, manhood, civilization, and aspiration into the races of the west:

> "Their place of birth alone is mute
> To sounds which echo farther west
> Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest'."

At last the West comes to pay her debt. The ears of the

> "Servile offspring of the free"

are greeted with the voice of a western singer calling up all the bedimmed memories of a glorious past:

"Clime of the unforgotten brave!"

* * * *

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung."

* * * *

"Hereditary bondsmen! Know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?"

* * * * *

"On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there perhaps some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own."

* * * *

"These scenes their story not unknown
Arise and make again your own."

The appeal was successful; the prediction was literally and quickly fulfilled; the

"Slaves—may the bondsmen of a slave,
And callous save to crime,"

the men who had been trampled under tyranny and bred to degradation for over two thousand years, were almost instantly a set of heroes in arms at the throat of their oppressor.

A singer from that region
* * "farther west
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest'"

sings the sequel:

"At midnight in the forest shades
Bozzaris ranked his Suliote band,—

True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drank their blood
In old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike and souls to dare,
As quick, as fair, as they."

If it is education to have lofty ideals and a purified taste, then Greek will continue to play its part in a scheme of education. Many still think with Horace that this highest culture can come only through the study of the Greek classics. Greek is still in our secondary schools and higher institutions as a regular branch of liberal culture; and it claims that where it sits is the head of the table. It is "*facile princeps.*"

There is a recoil from the intense materialism into which an excessive attention to science was leading education; there is a return to enthusiasm, to the culture of the soul and a building up of character. But every recoil of this kind is a return to Greek. We are returning to the humanities, and we are extending the teaching of Greek.

There seems to be a move at present to get away from history. We are advised to look to the future and not to the past. We are told that the past has

no right to control our thoughts and actions; that those people lived as well as they could with the light which they had, and that they are now happily laid away; that we should be permitted to work out the problems of our environment undisturbed by folks who knew nothing about our chemistry, steam-propulsion, and photography.

Very plausible. But a man might as well try to get away from his shadow as away from history. History is an unceasing flow; the modern man has no monopoly of time; he has but his moment on the shifting scene; his life like all the rest will "point a moral or adorn a table" for those who come after. The man without a historical perspective is purblind; he cannot see the future, and by cutting loose from the past he has lost his basis of inference. We are born to look both ways; we are endowed with a "great discourse looking before and after". In these piping times of peace we may dig tunnels and build bridges and hug our individual experience; but let danger menace us in any form, and we return at once to our better selves; we listen to the warning voice of the past, and rise to our true condition as "the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time." In throwing down the gage of battle at the outbreak of the Revolution, Patrick Henry made his appeal to history: "I

have no way of judging of the future but by the past."

But history is only a prattle of words, or a bewildering maze of dates, or a thoroughly unconnected phantasmagoria, until the past peoples begin to speak for themselves through their literatures; then the elusive spectres take on flesh and blood; they live and love and sorrow again for our sakes; again the hall of council resounds with wisdom and burning eloquence; again the busy mart appears; and again is heard the uproar of commerce with its thousand tongues; again the creaking cordage is heard upon the waters; and again the life of the past is so realistic that we can take sides with the warring factions.

We cannot be sent to Greece or any other historic place; we must be drawn there. Xenophon pulls us into Asia Minor and off to distant Babylon; we actually see the villages of Armenia; we hear the frequent pæan as the heavy-armed Greeks rush to battle; we can feel the very snow on the Thracian mountains; we walk right into the temple of Diana; we hear the whisper of the Delphic priestess; we are present at the Olympian games; we are of the company of young men drinking in the wisdom of Socrates. With Thucydides we actually sail out of Piræus and are a part of the disastrous campaign of Syracuse.

Froude says there is no history except what the people say themselves; everything else is distorted by ignorance or colored by prejudice; you get no solid footing in the matter until you hear the people talk. When people talk as well as the Greeks, and when they have a story of such thrilling interest to tell; when moreover they occupy such an important point of departure in the history of the historic races, it would seem very unwise, to say the least, to close our ears against them.

It is interesting and profitable to hear any people speak; it is interesting, profitable, and improving to listen to the Greeks.

I do not think that education is going to lose its sheet anchor; I think that Greek will stay.

But this discussion involves more than the mere merits of Greek as an educational branch; it involves the very life and death of our colleges. If Greek goes, the college goes with it. The disappearance of the American college system would be nothing short of a calamity. The college carried us to independence; the college carried us through the Civil War, furnishing thousands of capable officers to supplement the handful of experts afforded by West Point; the college has furnished mastering ability to the professions, to the press, to the business enterprises of the

land; it has furnished a wholesome leaven to public opinion and a safe-guard against visionary governmental schemes; and it has furnished that reserve of public patrontism against the hour of sore trial. If Greek goes then the college goes with it; for the *raison d'etre* of the latter will be gone.

The university system tends to centralization; it tends to the massing of vast facilities at a few points. The university will naturally monopolize the teaching of any branch requiring vast facilities. Greek fortunately does not require vast facilities; the Greek professor can carry his outfit with him in his trunk; and he can pay for it with his first month's salary. In Greek the college can compete with the universities; while Greek is deemed the best thing to be had, students will be willing to go to college. The tendency of a university is to centralization; its work can be done only at a few points; the tendency of the college, on the contrary is to decentralization; its work can be done at an indefinite number of points. This decentralization brings college instruction to many who could not otherwise avail themselves of it, and is thus a public blessing. But it does more than that; it brings to the student the kind of instruction that he needs. He still needs, after leaving the secondary school, regular recitations and class drill;

he also needs the disciplinary restraints of college regulations. The university student is a man of settled character; and he is therefore very properly left to his own devices. No one feels responsible for him; he is offered opportunity on the supposition that he is wise enough to avail himself of it. If he is not, he is simply allowed to disappear. The college student is usually a boy who needs training; and in the college he is supposed to get that training. The main distinction between a college and a university, is that the college teaches boys, whereas the university teaches subjects. The boy is not ready yet to hold his own in a university movement under university methods; nor is he ready yet to be a law unto himself. He is not able yet to compete with men, either intellectually or morally; and under the law of the survival of the fittest, he is only too likely to fall to the rear, and be stranded intellectually, morally, and physically. A boy has every chance of failure in a great university; he has every chance of success in a college. We want universities, and all we can get of them; but midway we want the college. The graduates of our secondary schools are ready for undergraduate work; they are not ready for post-graduate work. But even if the university would do college work with college methods, it is still not best that

boys should be assembled in vast numbers; the boys need to be decentralized; the men need to be centralized. It is largely true that a college is a man, that wherever a Mark Hopkins is to be found there will be found a college, even if he has to sit at one end of a log and the student at the other. He will make that student think, and make him aspire; and that is what a college education is for. When his mind is disciplined and his purposes fixed, he may then go in with the thousands of other strangers to avail himself of the broadening opportunities of a great university.

But Greek will not be saved in order to save the colleges; it will do that incidentally; it will be saved because thousands will continue to believe that to be a Greek scholar is to have the benefits and the badge of a liberal education.

There is another thing that Greek will do incidentally; it will save the efficiency of the secondary schools. A rural district school often has its efficiency greatly increased by the ambition of a single pupil to study algebra. This ambitious youngster unwittingly helps all his companions; for the man who can teach algebra is more than likely to teach all the other branches better than the weakling he has displaced. The aspiration after Greek will do a similar work for

the secondary schools. Greek calls for scholarship; and scholarship quickens the mathmetics, history, and sciences, as well as the Greek.

The educational iconoclasts recently secured a powerful ally in the person of the Emperor of Germany. The doings of the Emperor in regard to schools are attracting profound attention and study.

Rousseau has very clearly analyzed the destructive principle in youth. Innate energy naturally seeks an outlet. This appropriate outlet is in the line of useful production. But production is a slow process, involving skill and patience, and one in which the final product is more or less deferred. Youth has the energy without the skill and patience; and in the line of destruction it can produce a striking result suddenly with the expenditure of the crudest energy.

Whether the Kaiser is striking with a boy's caprice, or whether he is demolishing with a view to a grander reconstruction, time alone can determine. The German school system may be very defective, and may be susceptible of great improvements; but such as it is its achievements have been the marvels of modern history. After the battle of Jena Germany was entirely overthrown; and for a time it seemed as though its subsequent history must be that of a French province.

German courage and German physical force had succumbed to the military genius of Napoleon. In their darkest hour of subjugation and despair the voice of the philosopher Fichte arose advising Germany to appeal from the beaten men to the possibly victorious children. He said that if they would train and educate those children they would save the history of Germany. His advice was taken; Germany bent all her energies to the establishment of schools and to the carrying forward of public education.

The fulfilment of Fichte's prophecy was seen when the old Kaiser, one of the very children to whom Fichte made the appeal, led his educated regiments through France to dictate the humiliating peace of Paris. The world said that the victory was due to the intelligence that was behind the needle-gun.

The present Emperor turns on the schools which have made his empire. It is not yet manifest how far he contemplates smashing this idol. He says he can see that too much Latin and Greek are taught; that too much attention is given to old things and old times that do not concern us. He sees this in the fact that so many of the young men have come to wearing spectacles and are noticably lacking in self-assertion. He can take no pride in a fellow who cannot see three feet ahead of him and who is not going anywhere.

In this the Emperor is right. No one can take pride in a person whose eyesight and moral stamina have both been obliterated. If his diagnosis of the evil be correct, then he has done the world a mighty service. If the study of Greek and Latin tends to the production of blear-eyed men with no snap in them and no connection with modern affairs, then those studies could not be discontinued any too soon. But it will be seriously doubted by many that the study of Greek and Latin necessarily tends to the loss of eyesight, to the loss of energy, and to the loss of ambition. It is a profound conviction of many that the study of Greek and Latin affords the most powerful stimulus to all the faculties of the mind, and is the best preparation for success in modern affairs.

It will be doubted by many whether short-sightedness and lack of energy will disappear with the discontinuance of the study of the ancient languages. Nevertheless, the short-sightedness and lack of energy are facts; and they are facts resulting in some way from the operation of schools. The Kaiser has done a service in calling the attention of the world to those facts. Many observers are convinced that the failing eyesight of students is due to the imperfect ventilation of schools, and to the neglect of sanitary conditions in general. Hence they expect that this form

of injury will continue to result after the study of Latin and Greek is discontinued.

As has been already said, many regard Latin and Greek as the most stimulating of studies. Yet some observers know that Latin and Greek can be taught in such a manner as to cause various kinds of deterioration instead of improvement in the learner. But this deterioration comes not from the matter studied, but from the manner of studying it. There is nothing in the nature of Greek and Latin that tends to evil results more than there is in other branches of study. The Kaiser has pointed out the need of reform, whether or not he has indicated the correct line of reform.

Popular education has done wonders for America, as well as for Germany; and in America, also, the Kaiser Public Opinion has found just occasion to strike at the schools. The lack of health, the lack of stamina, the lack of force of character have been noticed as too general a product of our schools. The American Kaiser has not only noticed the evil, but he, too, has a remedy to prescribe, empirical though it be. His remedy is manual training. He says put tools into the hands of the children; and you will get health, intelligence, scholarship, and force of character.

This optimistic conclusion seems to overlook the

fact that tools have been in the hands of people for several thousand years, and that health, intelligence, and the highest force of character were not promoted until books were put into their hands instead of tools.

I would not be understood as decrying manual training within well-guarded limits. I am constantly extending it in many of the grades of our own schools. A certain amount of manual exercise is educating along very important lines; and a certain amount of manual dexterity is a very important form of education.

Both the German and the American Kaiser are correct in feeling that there is room for, and that there is need of, reform in our schools; though the remedy suggested in either case would not seem to touch the surface of the matter. The reform of our schools must come in the improved instruction given in them, and especially in the improved supervision placed over them. All the conditions of health must be observed in the construction of school-houses, and in the daily round of school-life. All forcing or overstraining of the children must be discontinued. Teachers who are capable of making branches means rather than ends in education must be secured; and every item of school work should be done primarily with a view to the promotion of desirable traits of

character. Knowledge is an end in itself; because it is a very useful possession to one capable of using it. But when the knowledge is forced, regardless of capability, it is then likely to injure the learner.

The reform of our schools must come by giving capability the first place in the ends to be attained, and in making the acquisition of knowledge a mere secondary matter. Capability includes three elements, viz., a basis of physical soundness and teeming energy, an alert and well disciplined mind, and above all an invincible moral character.

The great lesson of the Columbian World's Fair was the continuity of culture and the all-dominating supremacy of classical ideals.

We all expected to find it great. The thirty millions invested in buildings and fixtures was only an item in the wealth brought by the world and laid down in the White City by the Lake. We knew that the hustling western city was on its mettle, that it would have great resources at its disposal and that the "affair" would be a "big thing". And we were not disappointed. It was a big thing—a very big thing—a stupendously big thing—big buildings—big exhibits—big wheels—big engines—big trees—big crowds—big everything. We expected all that, and our expectations were more than realized. But with

it we expected more or less incongruity—we expected to have many a sly laugh at the rawness, the conceits, the foibles, the bombast of the obstreperous "wild and woolly west". We thought that we could view big machines, big ores, and "big Injuns", and at the same time alleviate our dyspepsia. We thought it would pay to go to Chicago if only for the fun. And even in this we were not disappointed. It was very funny to see Brother Jonathan and his capable Jerusha Jane, with grip-sack in hands, rushing to Chicago three hundred thousand strong for six months, choking down the quintuple section excursion trains and swamping the boarding houses for five miles from the White City. It was infinitely diverting to see those interesting couples endeavoring to assimilate the world's display and the toughest of sandwiches and doughnuts at a single gulp. It was death to dyspepsia to see the ruffled feathers that emerged from the trains that had been creeping for days across the continent, to see the raids on the "snide" hucksters and the rush for the gates, and to hear the original remarks that burst forth on every hand either under the stress of expectation or the trigger of realization. Brother Jonathan had to "go off" in the cars, on the grounds, in the galleries, on the "Midway", up in the big wheel, in the bowels of the earth,

on the battle ship, in the Court of Honor, everywhere. Brother Jonathan was a show in himself—and very appropriately so—for in a very important sense he was *the* show. He had come to see himself—for all this would mean nothing without Brother Jonathan. He made the show and he came to see how it looked. We were glad he was there—it would have been infinitely disappointing had he failed us. It would have been the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. When we saw him composedly munching his sandwich in the Electricity Building, or good-naturedly taking all the jamming that awaited him at every turn, or downrightedly hilarious over the way he had been faked by the "Arabs", we saw a man who needed no Columbian Guards; we saw a self-governing American citizen; we saw a toiler in the great national or international hive; we saw one of the producers of the wonders that we had come far to see. That man has his oddities; but he knows how to take care of himself, and Jerusha Jane, and the children, and the country. He is pure, and clean, and manly; and he can see as far into a mill-stone as anybody, after you just let him get his second sight a little. And this admirable Brother Jonathan is a product of the American schools as they are. Hence, even as they are, they are very far from failure.

I have said that we expected to see big things and funny things; and we saw them. But we saw what we did not expect to see, a miracle. We saw that the spirit of beauty and harmony had seized upon the whole mass, and wrought out of it a vision fitted to overwhelm the soul with tender entrancement. We may have gone to scoff, but we remained to pray. No one contrived—no one was capable of contriving—all the beautiful and harmonious effects that were seen at the White City. Therein lies the miracle. It was the world-soul—the art yearnings of all the nations and all the ages—that worked up through it all and expressed it all in one beautiful and harmonious whole.

> "He builded better than he knew
> The conscious stone to beauty grew."

Pope Julius made over to Michael Angelo large sums, and directed him to make the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel beautiful. The aged pontiff watched the progress of the work with feverish interest until he could endure the suspense no longer. He ordered down the scaffolding when the work was only half done; and that half decorated ceiling stands as one of the miracles of the ages. Chicago placed vast sums in the hands of the world's artists, and simply asked for something beautiful as well as grand. The man-

agement had the patience to wait until the last touches were given before ordering down the scaffolds; so it was no half-finished ceiling that came forth to the ravished sight. Michael Angelo lived to be over ninety, yet the great dome he designed was unfinished at the time of his death. It took three generations to put the finishing touch upon Saint Peter's; yet a single building in the White City could contain within its harmonious embrace thirteen Saint Peters. It took seven hundred years to get the last stone placed upon the Cathedral of Cologne; yet the architects of the White City with all its unapproachable temples and palaces; its domes and minarets; its colonnades and lagoons; its islands, fountains, and statuary; its obelisks, victory pillars, and multitudinous Rialtos—were limited in their preparation to the brief space of two years. The scaffold came down on time; and the vision stood forth in all its completeness without any mark of haste anywhere. Beauty was true to itself everywhere. It required the roof of the Liberal Arts building to present to one the glory of the whole; and yet a magnifying glass would find nothing to offend in any nook or corner. Indeed it required something more than the naked eye to bring out at every turn the thought and triumph of builders. Only a heritage of forms faithfully appro-

priated and assimilated could have done it. The artists simply focused history. To give an adequate description of any building or limited area would require a book; to tell it all would need a library. I doubt not libraries will be written in the attempt to express only certain aspects of the beauty of the Fair. There is space here to say only that *it was beautiful.* One could feel that; and could quickly say that. Grant that there was an illusion—that the apparent marble was only the perishable staff. That does not affect the case in the slightest; the illusion was complete. The intellect knew that no chips had fallen from the yielding marble; but the æsthetic sense saw the chisel of the sculptor everywhere; it saw the beauty adorning a solidity apparently fitted to face the wasting effects of a thousand years. We know that the marbles of Portia's palace existed only in the imagination of Shakespeare; but to our æsthetic sense it is a solid reality for all time. The poem of the White City is no less an immortal poem that it was presented to the eye. It has the mournful drawback that it cannot be passed on; it can be a possession only to those who saw it, and must die with this generation. That is the pity of it all.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

It is the touch of beauty that unifies the nations.

They may differ in everything else; but they all respond to the element of beauty. One lesson of Chicago is that the race rises through the useful to the beautiful; the increased conveniences are only increased conditions for further outbursts of beauty. The millionaire toiled and dug to put his money in his purse; he opened his purse and out flew all forms of beauty.

Beauty is ever at harmony with itself. The beauty of the White City came from all lands; but as those beautiful forms came into proximity with each other they rushed together and fused themselves into a new composition more ravishing than any of the individual elements of which it was composed. But we see more than that; we see that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

When we analyze the beauty before us we see that the art of all ages is interwoven into it, as well as the art of all the nations. All around are the classic columns and enteblatures; and we seem to be on the Acropolis in the Age of Pericles. Phidias has left his thought in Chicago; the Parthenon is everywhere. So too is the temple of Diana and the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates. But blended with it all are the stately arch, the victory columns, and the massive composite architecture of imperial Rome. One walks

in the Forum under the shadow of the Capitoline. You need not leave the spot to get suggestions of Byzantine architecture; and while you stand, a flood of sweetest melody rolls out from chimes away up in the towers of a Gothic cathedral. Look again from the same spot and through the same identical things and you are gazing on the domes of Michael Angelo and the architecture of the Renaissance. Step under any one of the lofty portals and the thought is made complete by revealing to you the painted ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Out again and the very same scene is the Venice of the Doges. The ducal palace is everywhere; the gondolas flit through the lagoons and under the Rialto; the lion is rampant on the square of San Marco. Up again through the phantasmagoria, and holding the thought for a moment, is Sir Christopher Wren with his Saint Paul's, the pride of London. Move a little, it is the Alhambra that appeals to you with the graceful and ravishing architecture of the Moors. Old Castile has given to the scene something more than the caravels of Columbus. Nor is there wanting a suggestion of the India of Herodotus and the Egypt of Moses. Even far Cathay has lent its note to the silent diapason of beauty which holds the soul of the beholder spell-bound. But, hark! the sweet-toned chimes are waking in the lofty tower.

What have they to say that will fit in with the thought and impression of the moment? It is a simple familiar melody, one of the heart songs of the ages:

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home."

The note is true, apt, and sympathetic to the mood. It is home-making that has made all this. We make our homes; and the rest is added unto us.

"Way down upon the Suwanee river,
Far, far away."

Again the note of home and affection. Even though we do not all live on the Suwanee river the melody draws our hearts to our own "Old folks at home".

"There's a land that is fairer than day;
And by faith we can see it afar."

Yes, beauty is Heaven-born and beauty's flights are Heavenward. It would do slight violence to the situation to imagine the pavement of the Court of Honor to be made of jasper and gold, and that all this was an attempt to foreshadow the New Jerusalem.

"Nearer my God to Thee."

The bells have worked out the climax for us, and interpreted our emotions to ourselves. The uplift of it all is toward the throne of Him who is the source of the Good, the True, the Beautiful.

How this thought is intensified a little later.

"Now came slow evening on, and twilight gray"

would seem about to extinguish the whole beautiful scene, to swallow up in remorseless darkness the palaces and gardens of fairy land; when lo! as by a stroke of magic dull night is conquered and made even more beautiful than day! The buildings, canals and gardens are all aglow with incandescent lights; fountains of light in variegated and swiftly changing colors are dashing into the air and describing an infinite variety of forms; flash lights are dipping here and there on domes and towers and pinnacles, on portals, fountains, and statuary, picking rare bits of beauty and rendering them more glorious by contrast with the surrounding darkness. The last agent forced into the service of man has already multiplied the beauty of the earth four-fold. One realizes that he has never seen the Macmonnies fountain, or the Administration Building, or the canals, or the Peristyle at all until he has seen them under the flashes of the electric light. What ravishing sculpture! What marvelous architecture! What wonderful water effects with their curving bridges and flitting gondolas are brought out by the well-directed flashes from the roofs of the lofty buildings!

"And holy thoughts come o'er me
When I behold afar
Decending from the heavenly height
The shield of that bright star."

Yes it was beautiful! It was divinely beautiful!

There were worlds of beauty apart from the Court of Honor and the Grand Canal. In fact this wonderful Latin cross was designed to be only a noble vestibule to the real temple of the Fair. That it made itself the centre of interest and took supreme possession of the beholder was perhaps an accidental result rather than a thing deliberately aimed at in the original plan. The plan contemplated a vast, varied, and interesting exhibit, and just purposed to have it appropriately housed. The spirit that soared so high on the mere problem of the entrance was not inactive as to what was supposed to be the real thing itself. The exhibits themselves became simply materials of adjustment in the hands of exacting art: just as the straws, and wool, and hair, and slime are controlled into that beautiful product, a bird's nest. Ores, and grasses, and grains; fabrics, and fishes, and facts; wares and machines, and utensils; all the myraid products of an onward-sweeping civilization—were forced into order by an over-mastering sense of form and color. They became the mere elements of innumerable beautiful pictures; while art supplemented its own effects with special decoration, and over it all turned on the sweet airs of music. It was Fairyland within as well as without. The sublime vestibule did lead into a bewildering temple.

I have said that the Manufacturers' Building could contain within its symmetrical and harmonious embrace thirteen Saint Peter's; and the comparison of buildings within a building was not a forced one. Though the thirteen Saint Peter's were not there, yet there were several times thirteen gorgeous and magnificent palaces in that great interior, any one of which would be a striking object in any street of any city, and some of which were truly colossal. It was street after street worthy of the Arabian Nights, blazing with color, and—shall we say?—even riotous with form. But it was the riot of infallible and sure-footed harmony, that could dance the giddiest mazes without missing the slightest figure or point. A city within a building! And a city of such gorgeous color and form! Miracle on miracle piled! I well remember when it was a great experience to go to the top of Bunker Hill Monument and look down upon the distant roofs of Charlestown, and upon the pygmy folks celebrating the heroism of a hundred years ago. One could rise in the elevator of the Manufacturers' Building to a greater height than the top of Bunker Hill Monument, and still be under a roof! Far, far below were the summits of lofty pinnacles; and lower still were the swarming little black objects known to be human beings inspecting a city more

marvelous than fancy ever painted, and converting by contrast into a poor bazar the fabled wealth of "Ormus and the Ind".

Fairy land had its sections with different key-notes, but always in perfect tune. The very instant that you left the north end of the Manufacturer's Building you left the commanding beauty of the straight line, the wonderful horizontals, verticals, and obliques of the Court of Honor and its noble transept the Grand Canal. You now go "swinging round the circle" under the full domination of the curve. The rectilinear canal expands into circular lagoons; the Hudson of the Palisades swells out into Tappan Zee and Haverstraw Bay. You encounter circular buildings amidst circular thoroughfares, circular islands clothed with rarest vegetation and cut into labyrinthine mazes with circular pathways. The domes become hemispherical, the bridges almost semi-circles. The gentle pitch of the Rialto is not sufficiently pronounced to fit in with the key-note of this scene. Where all this softened beauty of the circle centres itself, there art with true instinct planted the Palace of Painting and Sculpture. This temple of pure art, this home of beauty alone, this sanctuary from which cold and sodden utility is utterly excluded, and in which the soul is invited to feast on nectar and

ambrosia, is very properly approached through the softening influence of circular forms. At every step you thrill with the perfect touch in things; you are impressed with another balancing in a special world of beauty.

With other devotees you ascend a long flight of steps to the heavy portal of the sacred temple; and you enter—Olympus!

Olympus is a theme in itself. Happy he who can treat it.

You go everywhere under a spell—the spell of ever-present beauty, of infallible art, of sustained harmony.

Or, to express it all in terms of music, in the Court of Honor and along the Grand Canal you get the ground swell of the sublime organ tones, whereas passing northward you strike the rippling music of the piano, gently interspersed with the dulcet notes of the guitar. Ravishing sweetness! See the gondola and the swans rounding Wooded Island!

But as you began in the Court of Honor so the close of each day will find you there again. And there you will find stealing over you a solid conviction that here after all is the centre of things; this instead of being the entrance is the pivot of the whole. Bewitchery remains; but with it there is superadded

a sense of sublimity; and you resolve to stand solid here and think it out, while the whole magnificence bears down upon you in one stupendous effect.

"Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone,
And Morning ope's with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends with kindred eye;
For out of thought's interior sphere
Those wonders rose to upper air;

* * *

Those temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;"

* * * *

"O'er me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole."

But the thought enforced by the "perfect whole" is that a superficial philosophy has been mis-reading our age. This is truly an age of materials; it is not an age of materialism. Never were high ideals more dominant; and never were mere materials more thoroughly subordinated to æsthetic and ethical ends.

You see it in the easy and magnificent triumph of thought and culture; you see it in the admiring gaze of the millions from all walks of practical life. It is the unity and progressive advancement of life on the earth; it is the Greek enlarged by Roman and Teutonic history; it is the point of attainment to which indestructible principles have reached.

Many have stood in the Court of Honor who up to that moment had carried glowing remembrances of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. But what a reaction comes over one by contrast. The Centennial exhibits become too paltry to be thought of; they are as antiquated and as much out of date as if they belonged to a period beyond the flood. And yet some of us do not feel that we are much older than when we went to Philadelphia. What a rush we are in when a new civilization takes possession of the world in the short space of seventeen years! But at Philadelphia the exhibits were everything, the buildings were nothing but great unsightly barns. The thought ascended no higher than utility, and a poor pinched utility at that. We cannot even concede to the Centennial the attribute of size. As we now recall it there was nothing to do but to finger carpets, and porcelain, and bric-a-brac. And yet the Centennial is not to be despised, even in remembrance.

It was grand considering all the circumstances. It was the work of a nation exhausted by a frightful war.

We were not presentable; we had been drained, and harried, and torn, and worn. The flower of our youth was consumed on an enormous battle line; and the old folks were at their wits' end finding supplies and hurrying them to the front. It was a desperate fight for life; it was not a time to make artists; it was a time to make gladiators and patriots. What could those poor panting gladiators and patriots do so soon after emerging from the smoke of battle? They did what they could; and the Centennial of that day did them as much credit as the White City has done to this generation of the myrtle.

"O Beautiful! my country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare."

The set lips became fully relaxed in the long succeeding era of peace; and the Court of Honor was the ineffable smile on the beautiful lips of our fair country, from which every shade of "wrath's eclipse" had entirely departed.

And O the recuperation of seventeen brief years!

A hundred millions to throw away and not feel it! And a taste and art so exquisite that it seems like perfection! But what is ahead? The future will have its problems; the future will have its triumphs.

> "There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them as we will."

Meanwhile let us look again upon our "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" and give ourselves up to the poet's prophetic appeal.

> "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll!
> Leave thy low-vaulted past!
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome most vast,
> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea."

The Colosseum of the Peace Jubilee in Boston in 1872 with its seats for 100,000 persons was regarded at the time as a monster structure; but it could have been packed away in a corner of the great Manufacturers' Building. And the Jubilee Building was so plain; whereas the Manufacturers' Building was forty acres of song. The Roc's Egg was no longer a myth; there it lay along the shore of Lake Michigan, buttressed with as beautiful a framework as the eye of man ever rested upon.

With all its greatness the monster Roc's Egg did

not disturb the balance of things; it overshadowed nothing; it was simply in keeping with its equally sturdy companions. There was no let down when you shifted the radius of your view to the Peristyle and caught the vistas of the blue lake between its graceful columns or cut by its noble arch. Elsewhere there is the beauty of repose; but here it is the beauty of action. It is imperialism symbolized. The arch with its crowning quadriga seem a thing instinct with life; teeming with force and vitality it seemed disposed to move forward with an irresistible sweep. Truly the art of Rome found suitable expression for the genius of the nation.

> "Thence to the gates cast round thine eye and see
> What conflux issuing forth or entering in."

The triumphal arch is ready for the Imperator; we are ready to hear his trumpets sound and to see him sweep through the arch with his retinue of the conquering and the conquered on the way to the Capitol. Is it to be Pompey, Cæsar, or Constantine?

> "The city which thou seest no other deem
> Than great and glorious Rome, Queen of the earth,
> So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
> Of nations; there the Capitol thou seest
> Above the rest lifting his mighty head
> On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
> Impregnable; and there Mount Palatine

The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and terraces, and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice beside, more like
Houses of gods, (so well I have disposed
My aery microscope) thou mayst behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers,
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold."

Who can doubt that this was the thought that gave birth to this glorious airy structure? Six hundred feet of columned and arched magnificence, with a great column for each State and Territory of the American Union. Imperial America could well be symbolized in terms of imperial Rome; even though the victories of the former are only those of peace; while the latter was the very incarnation of war. Such was the thought of the Peristyle, boldly conceived, gloriously executed. A volume might be written on the exquisite detail, conscientiously and triumphantly interwoven into this great work of art. It is a great combination to be at once spirited and exact; "Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist." The Peristyle was at once a glowing inspiration and a faultless piece of workmanship. And it was exceedingly rich in detail without conveying the slightest impression of being ornate or

overloaded. Like a beautiful picture it existed for no other use than to express a beautiful conception. It would seem that art is most untrammeled where the idea of utility is entirely wanting, and where no question of adaptation is involved. The art that adorns seems not to reach quite the exquisite results of the art that simply externalizes a conception of beauty for the sake of the beauty alone. Thus you think before those admirable colossal groups of symbolical statuary flanking the Great Basin and the Grand Canal; thus you think while gazing upon that central piece of ecstasy, the Macmonnie's Fountain.

I found our glorious country fully symbolized in the glorious Peristyle. There I found wonderfully interwrought the ideas of Union, Strength, Beauty, Movement, Power—all the qualities for which Columbia stands pre-eminent in the long genealogy of nations. This true Columbian monument looked proudly up the Court of Honor, as if to say: "These are great but they are mine."

In the great Art Palace everything seemed to be in the superlative degree; and it was no wonder that the thronging people stopped everywhere to gaze and admire. Mediocrity withered at the entrance to that magnificent Grecian temple; only genius could penetrate to its rotundas or obtain space upon its seeming

miles of walls. The sculpture was not "frozen music"; there was nothing frozen about it; it was bounding life and action. There was life in the stone. The men and women were breathing, thinking, suffering, enjoying, triumphing. The animals were springing, frisking, crouching, tearing, sleeping, according to their natural bent. And such magnificent human beings; such superb animals! The poor camera turned upon actual life gives but faded types, but feeble action; the artist evolves the ideal, the perfect. It is always easier to imagine a perfect thing than to find one. How tame and commonplace the best portraits in the galleries compared with the ideal heads, the lives that never lived except in the painter's imagination and afterwards on his canvas. No, these scenes in the rotundas are not "sermons in stones"; you find those in great abundance over there in the Mines Building; and profoundly interesting, instructive, and edifying sermons they are. These are tragedies, comedies, idyls, epics in stone. But one cannot gaze upon them; one cannot gaze upon the noble building that contains them, without feeling our great debt to a by-gone age. These are after all but fine discipleship; the masterhand which has inspired it all wrought in Athens in the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ. Our artists, whether

consciously or unconsciously, are just trying to be as Greek as they can. In some of our mush-room cities art has indulged itself in some wild experiments; under the supreme ordeal of the White City it did not dare to be otherwise than classic. Phidias and Praxiteles were the masters that directed our glorious modern young men.

Art is not a development; and the World's Fair demonstrates it; it is just an attempt to get as near to Greece as you can. Those Greeks have ever been "the delight and the despair of the moderns".

Homer, Phidias, Praxiteles, and Apelles inspire all the beauty of the modern world. In the White City they were regnant. Hence the great success of the White City.

I had long wanted to see the "Teucer" of Thorny-croft; and there it was in the rotunda of the Art Palace with the label of a gold medal attached to it. That lithe young archer of the Greeks had just discharged his arrow and was watching with perfect confidence for its assured effect. But I thought I saw in that fine production a suggestion of the "David" of Michael Angelo, as that magnificent youth looks forth upon the Philistine whom he is about to slay. And the "David" seems to carry a suggestion of the Apollo Belvedere. Thus the best in modern art is

ever suggesting its genesis in the marbles of Paros and Pentelicus. The Greeks fixed the line; Angelo crowded it closely; Shakespeare as the solitary exception of the ages shot above it, and made a higher Olympus of his own. But for the rest they need Homer, Pindar, Theocritus, Phidias, Praxiteles, Apelles, the Elgin marbles, the Castellani marbles, the "Laocoön", the Apollo Belvedere, the Venus de Milo, and the Farnese Bull. The dance is fine when Helicon supplies the lyre.

"Or turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoön's torture dignifying pain—
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending.
Vain the struggle; vain against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenomed chain
Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.
Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight.
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.
But in his delicate form—a dream of love

* * * * are expressed
All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood
Starlike, around, until they gathered to a God!
And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath arrayed
With an eternal glory—which, if made
By human hands, is not a human thought;
And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas wrought.

Must Greek go? Well, not right away—not at least until the memories of the great World's Fair have grown dim in the minds of the people. The cause of the White City may be found in these words of Professor Tracy Peck of Yale University:

"No one can make even a slight acquaintance with Rome's characteristic literature without coming into such contact with elevating thoughts and clear and artistic expression as to have a desire to reproduce the best things in his own life and environment. An eminent graduate of this college once said that to have learned the proper functions of the word 'there-

fore', was sufficient compensation for years spent in learning Latin, and many a master of English style has found the best explanation of his art in his severe and manifold drill in the classics."

A friend of mine went to Chicago in a somewhat perfunctory way; because it seemed the regular thing to do. But, being an intelligent man, he was quickly impressed with the extreme beauty and deep significance of what he saw. Being an intelligent man he saw the importance of all this to his children; so he hastened back nine hundred miles to get his two little boys, aged respectively eight and ten years. Expense was not to be thought of; so he gave the little fellows two weeks among the great sights. He wanted to get the impress of those forms on their minds; and he knew that there was no other way. A description of the White City might hold them perhaps three minutes; a discussion of it would hold them less than three seconds; but to be in the White City was education in all that the White City stood for.

I doubt whether my friend had fully formulated the matter; but he was just giving his children a classical education of the most intensely classical kind; and he was giving it in the genuine classical way. We do not ask our youth to listen to a description of antiquity and endure a discussion of it; we ask them

to read the classical authors and thus be in the White City itself. As my friend expected his boys to absorb much that they would have loathed if presented in any other way, so we very properly expect our youth by living in antiquity to absorb all that that great antiquity is capable of teaching them. It is a great thing for any one to get behind history, and come down through it. We are born at one end; if our education puts us at the other we are pretty sure to force the circuit.

Greek is not likely to go if such men as Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education and one of the profoundest educational philosophers of the time, can speak of it as follows:

"Latin and Greek in the light of the doctrine of evolution, which is beginning to prevail in natural science and will by and by prevail in education—Latin and Greek are not dead languages. Nor were they ever essentially more useful in a liberal education than now. [Although they once formed the language of the learned, still their chief value consisted in the fact that they were the languages of the two peoples that originated the civilization which we have borrowed.]

"The Greeks brought to perfection art and poetry, and finally philosophy and science. Only rudiment-

ary beginnings of these things come to us from other peoples. The Romans borrowed art, literature, science, and philosophy from the Greeks, but they invented jurisprudence—they transmitted to all modern peoples that have reached the rank of civilized nations the forms of acquiring, holding, and transmitting private property and the municipal and corporate forms by which individuals may live together in a community without internecine conflict or dwarfing of individual development. The roots of our civilization grew in Rome and Athens: Rome giving the forms of science and literature. But if this be so why cannot one get what is valuable by studying their history and archæology and by reading good translations of their literature?

"Because to understand comparative history and archæology requires maturity. These are studies of the college or university. The youth finds himself in a derivative civilization, and is best helped by studying the language in which the ideas that unconsciously form his life were first developed and expressed. To learn a language is to learn to realize in our minds just the volitions, feelings, and ideas that its originators conceived and expressed in the words that we read. Each nation has its view of the world cut out, defined, and expressed by its vocabu-

lary. Latin and Greek are the spiritual clothes of the Romans and Greeks. To put on these gives us a power to understand our inherited forms in art, literature, and philosophy, in legal usages and civil and corporate combinations.

"This is especially so in the Romance nations, whose languages are modifications of Latin; especially so in the English, which derives all except its colloquial vocabulary from the Latin and Greek. [But it is true also of Germans and Slavs and Scandinavians as well. They find the embryology of their civilization in Greece and Rome just as we do, and therefore train their choice youth for many years on Latin and Greek in order that they may all make a new conscious Greek and Roman foundation to their lives, which will help them to understand the separate elements of their composite civilization and see better its aims and means of achievement.

"This early study of Latin and Greek gives, at the outset, what one gets in mature life from studying the philosophy of history. It gives it in the form of science or philosophy.]

"The youth equipped with Latin and Greek has powers of learning and understanding whatever relates to the social, political and legal forms and usages of his people, that give him a distinct advantage over

the youth educated only in 'moderns'. Any other ancient language, say Chinese or Sanskrit, does not contain the roots of his civilization. Any modern European language is full of ideas and forms of feeling and will, that find explanation only in Greek or Latin.

"On learning to see this question of language-study in the light of the evolution of civilization, I came to understand why the Chinese lay so much stress on the study of the writings of Confucius and Mencius, and why the high-caste youths of India study Sanskrit. I have long since abandoned my objections to the traditional education of Latin and Greek in collegies and academies."

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